



## Poetry.

Doubt's Valley.

To Accompany a Picture by George Inness.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

How, do not dream, designer dark,  
That you may dream, or hit by them entirely;  
I, however late, by the dark, vanity, by sin,  
Confess, having glimpse of it,  
Have enter into them, claiming my right  
To make a symbol too.

For I have seen my wounded soldiers die,  
After dread suffering—have seen their lives  
Pass with me, and with the death of the old;  
And I have watched the death-bouts of the old;  
The rich, with all his success and his doctors;  
And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;  
And I myself, long, O Death, have breamed  
My every breath  
Amid the vanities and the silent thought of  
The old.

And out of these and these,  
I make a scene, design dark,  
Not grand, not fair, nor bleak, nor dark—for  
I do not fear these;  
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or  
Hard-tied knot;

Of the broad blithe light and perfect air,  
Within the living boughs, and trees,  
And flowers and grass;  
And the love-nurs of living breezes—and in the  
midst of God's beautiful eternal light and day,  
Thus, noblest master of Heaven—these, envy,  
usurper, gives at last of all,  
Rich, and the essence of the structure knot

Sweet, peaceful, welcome death.

—[Harper's.

The Dreamers.

BY ARTHUR O'SACHERMAY.

We are the dream makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World is ours and world formakers;  
On whom the world's great masters;  
Yet we are the poor and shakers  
Of the world forever it seems.

With a woderful dreams' ditty  
We sing up the odds and ends of life,  
A woderful, a faulter story;  
We fashion, import, and dream.

The soldier, the king, and the peasant  
Are working together in one,

Till our dreams shall become their present  
And their work is the world be done.

## Selected Tale.

THE STRANGE STORY

OF BEETHOVEN KOFFSKY.

I have known Beethoven Koffsky for some years, and had always been interested in him and his marvellous gift of music. He was a curious, half-starved-looking creature, lanky and volatile of speech, addicted to gestures; gesticulative, enthusiastic, ridiculously vain, as well as guileless and easily duped as a child. This last characteristic accounted, perhaps, for his never getting on, in spite of his genius. He was a composer—and a very fine composer, too—but he seemed quite unable to impress publishers with a right view of his talents. Occasionally he would get a poor pittance, or a tunculus and inferior piano forte piece, but after a day or two of infatuations he would always sink into his habitual slough of poverty.

Koffsky's mother had been an English woman, and, from her, he told me, he had inherited his single genius and passion for music; it was she, too, who had insisted on bestowing upon him the somewhat ambitious name of Beethoven. Koffsky had adored his mother, and could never speak of her without tears. So far as I could learn, she had never known a happy or a comfortable moment from the day of her runaway marriage with Koffsky, and I was quite glad to learn that the poor creature had been at peace now for many years under the sooty earth of a crowded London graveyard. Koffsky rarely mentioned his father, and all I had ever gathered about this parent was that he was a Pole and still lived in some remote corner of his native land, whence his son evidently did not care to unearth him. I had my own ideas of what kind of man the elder Koffsky had been, and privately thought that it was from him Beethoven had inherited his long, matted hair, his wild, brilliant eyes, and his rooted aversion to man and collar. Not that I blamed Koffsky for a constitutional leaning toward dirt; he was a Bohemian, and dirt is dear to the Bohemian as his toe to the military man or his club to the swell.

Of course Koffsky was married; he was just the kind of incompetent, impudent, incapable kind of man who was bound to marry and burden the nation with a family of paupers. I was very sorry for his wife. She was a poor little nursery governess when Koffsky first met her, with five disagreeable children to take care of. I suppose she thought any life would be preferable to the one she was leading, and Koffsky, though grimy, was a good-looking man, and extremely interesting and even attractive when considered in the light of a musical genius. Once married, I am not sure that Mrs. Koffsky continued long to think that she had improved her position. Mary was a pretty, delicate-looking little creature, and the life she led was too hard for her.

In the course of four years the Koffskys had as many children, and the wife's hands were very full. I often dropped in at their miserable little lodgings, and it was a pitiful sight to see poor little Mary struggling with those four singularly unmanageable children. She worked hard to bring them up in her own ideas of cleanliness, but their Polish blood and their father's example were too much for her—soap and water held no place in the young Koffsky's scheme of life, and even the baby kicked and screamed when the long-suffering mother endeavored to wash its face.

"The children are too much for me," said Mrs. Koffsky, really, "there's too much Beethoven in them."

She was right; there was decidedly too much Beethoven in them.

And yet Koffsky was a very good fellow; he was devoted to his wife and children and would do anything for them—short of getting out in the world. That was too much to ask of him. The poor fellow was a born dupe—not a day passed that he was not cheated by somebody. But what a genius he was! He would improvise by the hour together, on either violin or piano, wild music that made one's blood creep and curl—oh, at least could imagine that the blood of a less prosaic person than myself might have gone through that singular process. Then Koffsky became a changed being; his dark hair, the locks from his pale brow, his wild eyes shining with a curious, intense, quivering with emotion—he seemed no longer Koffsky. At such moments he made claim to entire possession of his heart, he forgot the world he lived in, and appeared to ignore his nearest and dearest. I had an example of this one day when I went to see Koffsky. The eldest child, an archin

five years old, with his finger in his mouth and his piafiora in a state of dirt only to be achieved by a Koffsky, opened the door and pointed mutely upstairs. I skillfully avoided colliding with this child who was sitting down in the banisters, with a desperate leap managed to clear the baby, which was crawling up the stairs, and arrived safely in the little sitting-room. At first this became the children's sleeping room, but during the day Koffsky sowed there and always kept it neat and tidy, in the teeth of what difficulties Heaven and herself alone could know. Koffsky was seated at the piano in the article in that household that had never visited the pawnbroker's, hammering at a tune which he repeated over and over again with every possible variation of chord and key. He took no notice of me, and when I wished him good day he merely rolled vacant eyes upon me and went on with his composition. I addressed him once or twice with the same unsatisfactory result. I was in the middle of a last effort to rescue him when Mrs. Koffsky came in, further smoothing her hair and trying not to look as though she had just slipped into a tidy gown.

"It's no use speaking to him, Mr. Blencowe," she said, nodding toward the rapt Koffsky. "He's hammering out a bit of his opera—he's mad after that opera. He's in it now—he's not here; it's no more use talking to him than if he were dead and buried." "Don't you find that a trifle trying?" I asked.

"No, indeed," said the poor woman; "Beethoven lives for music—not for me. He lives in a dream; if I could him a nice dinner he doesn't know what he's eating, or if his sauté's hot or cold. Beethoven is a genius, but he's a terrible man to have for a husband. It's worse than usual now, for his opera's nearly finished, and he thinks it will make his fortune."

"What do you think?" I said. She smiled sadly.

"It's a beautiful opera, and I dare say it will make somebody's fortune—but not Beethoven's."

"Do the children inherit his talents?" "I hope to God they do not," she said solemnly. "I had rather see my children dead and in their coffins than have them musafians like their father. Better they should be dead and at peace than that they should suffer as my poor Beethoven suffers. He never rests, rarely sleeps, and this dreadful composition when he has a fit of it shatters him like an illness. Does he look like a happy man?" she asked, pointing to the dreamer, who was still torturing the keys in unwilling harmonies.

He certainly did not; there were great drops of perspiration on his forehead, and his lips were drawn and livid.

"He does not know we are here," said Mrs. Koffsky. "I will show you how lost he is to everything but music." She touched his arm and called him gently by name. He looked at her with the same vacant glaze he had bestowed on me and shook his head impatiently. "Beethoven," he repeated, playfully, with a little trouble in her voice, "won't you speak to us?"

This time he did not look at her; his long, thin fingers never ceased their voyage up and down the keys.

"Go away," he said. "I don't know you—I don't want you—go away—disturb me."

"You see?" said Mrs. Koffsky, sadly; "it is a little hard, is it not?"

"Yes, he is offered to buy the opera, but only on condition that Beethoven should allow him to bring it out, with some alterations, as his own. He offered £200, and—Koffsky took the money. He paraded with the opera which was to bring him fame and fortune. He signed a paper, I don't know what it said, and—then the beautiful opera is gone. What else could we do?"

Mr. Blencowe: "We got food and wine for the children—but it was too late. Stasius and Mary are dead—and Beethoven will never be famous now."

"Poor Koffsky!" I murmured.

"He did it to save us," said Mrs. Koffsky softly; "he gave us more than his life. That opera was his very soul, and Beethoven has never been the same since he lost it. He is dying."

"What is the name of the man who bought the opera?"

"He calls himself Edgardo Campanile," said Mrs. Koffsky with a faint smile; "my husband says his real name is Edward Bell."

I started; I had some acquaintance with Campanile, and, though I knew pretty well what meant most of my friends are capable of, I should never have credited him with quite such baseness.

When we had talked a little further, Mrs. Koffsky took me into her husband's room; the poor fellow had expressed a desire to see me. Koffsky was stretched upon his bed, looking right in front of me. I swear he wasn't there before—I never saw him pass, but there he was. Of course, I tried to stop the fellow—but I couldn't move. I felt as cold as ice—I feel so still. I'll tell you what, there's something wrong somewhere—there's something devilish curious!" He shivered as he spoke, whether from conscience or a chill I cannot undertake to say. But certainly the scoundrel had all the appearance of a man who has had a severe shock.

"Blencowe," he said, "they tell me you know that scoundrel Bell. What was he doing here? Why the devil did the fellow behave like that? Does he drink? Is he mad?"

"Why did you let him go on?" I asked.

"I tell you I couldn't help it!" clammed Campanile. "I—I was just going on myself, of course, when—when suddenly there was Koffsky, standing right in front of me. I swear he wasn't there before—I never saw him pass, but there he was. Of course, I tried to stop the fellow—but I couldn't move. I felt as cold as ice—I feel so still. I'll tell you what, there's something wrong somewhere—there's something devilish curious!" He shivered as he spoke, whether from conscience or a chill I cannot undertake to say. But certainly the scoundrel had all the appearance of a man who has had a severe shock.

"Where is Koffsky now?" I asked.

"I don't know," shuddered Campanile, collapsing into his chair again in a heap. "I haven't seen him since; I hope to God I shall never see him again!" he added, under his breath. Just then a servant came up, with some bottles and glasses, and I saw him swallow down half a tumbler of brandy as though it had been water. By this time I was beginning to feel scared myself. An undefined, ear-aching feeling of terror weighed upon me, and without losing any more time I left the green room and hurried out into the street. Koffsky must have gone straight home, so I took a hansom and drove to his lodgings. To my surprise the door was open; I pushed it open and went in. The house was very silent; there was no light on the stairs. Had they all gone to bed? But I was determined to solve the mystery of Koffsky's appearance at the opera, and striking a match I stumbled up stairs and entered the little sitting room. It was empty, save for the two children. I paused a moment, uncertain what to do, then, seeing a light under Koffsky's door, I knocked gently.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Koffsky's low voice from within; "hush! I will come to you."

He gazed dreamily before him, and began murmuring to himself the music of his opera—"he has mutilated my chef d'œuvre—but it is still Koffsky's music."

"And yet it is not something that your music should be heard?" I asked after a long pause.

He smiled. "Yes, you are right—it is something. My child is not born in vain; my child will live and conquer the world. What does it matter if the father is unknown?"

"But it is on the father, is it not? And when he loses his child what has he to live for?"

He gazed dreamily before him, and began murmuring to himself the music of his opera—"he has mutilated my chef d'œuvre—but it is still Koffsky's music."

"It is a glorious opera!" he cried. "It will take the world by storm! Some day you will hear of it, Mr. Blencowe, and then you will be proud of your poor friend, Beethoven Koffsky."

A few days after my last interview with Koffsky, I was fortunate enough

to obtain a six-months' engagement as house leader. The Hon. Herbert Alphonse Cecil Fitz-Fairfax was only eighteen, but he possessed an obstinacy beyond his years, and an invincible ignorance that no cramming could shake.

I led my growing and refractory charge through Italy and Switzerland, failing systematically to implant the faintest knowledge of anything in the singularly unproductive soil he called his brain; and I was heartily thankful when we went out separate ways, the Hon. Bertie bound for his parents' "mansion" in Berkshires, I for my studies in the Temple.

I had not forgotten poor Koffsky all this time, and I had not been back many days before I paid him a visit. The same thumb-sucking, dirty-sprouting, balding old man was seated there in the teeth of what difficulties Heaven and herself alone could know. Koffsky was seated at the piano in the article in that household that had never visited the pawnbroker's, hammering at a tune which he repeated over and over again with every possible variation of chord and key. He took no notice of me, and when I wished him good day he merely rolled vacant eyes upon me and went on with his composition.

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"Arnold von Winkelried" binds favor with a London audience, Signor Campanile will be clothe by £1,000."

I went at once to Drury Lane, and took a stall for Thursday night, determined to bring my poor friend's opera to a successful issue.

"At what hour did he die?" I asked in a voice that sounded quite unlike my own.

"At 11," she answered. I felt myself turning pale; it was at 11 that Koffsky had appeared before the curtain at Drury Lane.

"Good God!" I cried, "I have seen your husband's spirit!"

She took me into the sitting room, and I told her what I had seen, in a whisper, to avoid rousing the children. There is something ghastly in a white-and-black striped shirt.

"It is marvelous," she murmured, "but you don't know yet how marvelous."

Beethoven knew that his opera was to be given on the 11th, and all day he seemed walking—walking. He was terribly ill; dozen times I thought he was dying—dead—but he rallied; it seemed as though he would not die. Suddenly, this evening, as the clock struck half-past 8 he started, moved and half-raised himself in his bed.

"Hark!" he cried, "hark! don't you hear? It has begun! my music! hear it!"

He fell back on his pillows, but I could see that he was listening, and sometimes he smiled and beat time feebly with his hand and hummed a few bars of a song. An hour or two went on like this; I thought it must be time to give him his medicine, and looked at the clock. It wanted three minutes to 11. At that moment Beethoven started upright in bed; his eyes were widely open and fixed as though they saw, or, so far away.

"Lived!" he cried, "don't you hear?"

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## Traveler's Directory.

Druggists.

Charles M. Cole,

## PHARMACIST,

302 Thames St.

TWO DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## PURCHASE

## PRESCRIPTIONS

I have purchased all the prescriptions to date from the pharmacy of James H. Taylor and am prepared to fill them carefully and with due drugs.

JAMES T. WRIGHT,

PHARMACIST,

22 Washington Square.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,  
CONTRACTOR

AND

BUILDER  
OF MASON WORK

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Tilling, Draining and all kinds of  
Jobbing promptly attended to.  
Orders left at

16 Caleendar Avenue

Now is the time to have your

## Furnaces

looked after, and either have the old ones re-  
paired or new ones put in, and

WM. K. COVELL, Jr.:

is the man to take charge of the mister.

## THE

## WINTHROP FURNACE

is the best.

## SILVER WARE.

The price of silver has been declining for  
some years back, but it looks now as if it  
would have a reaction and silver will again  
be in demand. If you are in want of silverware for the table  
now is the time to buy it, while the price is  
low. We have a large stock on hand at the  
low price. Call and see.

AT-

## DENHAM'S.

Ready Reference Pocket Calendar.

Gives Months in full for years past, pre-  
sent and future. Either old or new  
style. Don't fail to send for it.

PRICE 10c, 3 for 25c. ADDRESS

Box 141, Hamilton Square, N. J.

A second-hand square piano, with new cover  
and stool for \$10. 10% discount for cash.

For particulars and to see the instrument, call at

## 28 CLARKE STREET.

## VACUUM OIL COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,  
manufacturers of

## The Oil that Lubricates Most.

We have a Treatise on Lubrication.

We will send it FREE if you will  
use it.

Branch Office and Warehouse

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BOSTON.

12-3

## NOTICE.

The undersigned having given F. AUGUSTUS  
TUTT an interest in his business, here-  
by gives notice that the firm name is changed  
to

J. W. HORTON &amp; CO.

This firm will continue the business, and hope  
by giving it its best attention to merit the  
confidence of former customers and the  
patronage of any others who may have  
business in our line. Any business interested in  
our care shall receive our best attention.

J. W. HORTON.

Proposed Sales from New York:

Tutte... Aug. 24, 11 a. m.

British... Sept. 2, 11 a. m.

Majestic... Sept. 9, 9:30 a. m.

Germanic... Sept. 16, 3:30 p. m.

Tutte... Sept. 23, 9:30 a. m.

British... Sept. 30, 3:30 p. m.

Majestic... Oct. 7, 3:30 p. m.

For further information apply to

M. S. HOLM, 186 Thames St.

Also Anchor Line Agent.

## Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice  
that the Edison Illuminating Co. of New  
port, a corporation organized in the state  
of Rhode Island and doing business in the  
city of Newport, for the benefit of its  
agents, servants, and employees.

John Whipple, Agent.

104

John Whipple, Agent.

John Whipple, Agent.&lt;/div

## The Mercury.

J. P. HARRISON, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892.



Gov. D. Russell Brown.

## The Election.

The House of Representatives on

Tuesday passed the free wool bill by a

vote of 104 to 80.

Boss Carroll got snowed under in

Pawtucket, Wednesday, by 407 majority.

It does not look as though the

Boss was very popular in his own town.

The story that Ex-Speaker Reed pre-

fers to retire seems to have been made

up out of whole cloth. There is no

foundation whatever for it.

Rhode Island can now be taken out of

the doubtful column for next No-

vember. A plurality of over two thou-

sand votes will be a hard thing for the

Democracy to overcome in six months.

Ex-President Cleveland's visit to

Rhode Island must be anything but sat-

isfactory to that distinguished gentle-

man. The Republicans of this city are

wishing now that he had spoken in

Newport, as well as Providence.

The municipal elections in the West-

ern towns and cities the past week

show decided Republican gains. It

looks as though the tide was turning

once more in favor of honest money

and honest protection.

One of the gratifying results of the

election on Wednesday is the fact that

the return of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich to the United States Senate, was

then made certain. It would have been

a national calamity if his re-election

had been defeated.

Ex-Speaker Reed of Maine, and

Speaker Barrett of the Massachusetts

House of Representatives had a royal

welcome in Newport Tuesday night.

It is not often that two large halls can

be filled at a political meeting in one

evening.

Election excitement has been at

ever heat in this city all the week and

it shows no signs of abating at present.

There are numerous claims funds of

illegal and questionable actions on the

part of officials and others, the truth

of which it is quite probable the courts

and the General Assembly will be

called upon to settle.

As a starter it is claimed that some

at least of the section bosses in the

highway department informed their

men that they were expected to vote

the Democratic ticket on Wednesday

and that if they did not they need not

come back to work for the city. The

entire force was given a holiday till 9

o'clock, with full pay for the day.

In the 6th ward the Republicans

made grave charges against a Demo-

cratic supervisor who is also the Presi-

dent of the Common Council. The

truthfulness of their charges will doubt-

less be settled in the courts.

The counting of the ballots by the

Democratic Board of Aldermen, two of

whom, with the mayor, were candidates

for office, was carefully watched by

a committee of Republicans who noted

what they claim to be the illegal action

on the part of the Board which will

doubtless form the foundation for a

coat of the seats of the men declared

elected by the Board. The Republi-

cans put in a request to the Board that

the ballot be preserved for two months.

This communication, addressed to the

Board, His Honor declined to read.

These are some of the charges made

by the Republicans, which, if substi-

tuted by proper evidence, will doubt-

less have the tendency to make the seats

of those declared elected somewhat in-

secure. On the other hand the Demo-

crats claim to have equally grave

charges to bring against Republican

officials and others but as yet they have

not got where they can name individ-

uals and causes.

## The Election.

The result of the election in Rhode Island on Wednesday is in the main satisfactory to the Republicans. They have carried the state and elected their Governor and Lieutenant-Governor by a substantial majority over all other candidates. They have a safe majority in both houses of the legislature and a large majority on joint ballot, thus making the re-election of Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich certain. It has also demonstrated the fact that this state will safely go Republicans in November, and that she will in all probability cast her four electoral votes for President Harrison for a second term. It proves to the world that notwithstanding the fact that the naturalization mills have run with a great amount of steam for the past few weeks, the manipulators of the new made foreign voters cannot rely implicitly on their voting the solid Democratic ticket.

The election is an encouraging one, too, as it shows that the majority of the people of Rhode Island are in favor of protection to home industry; that they have not gone back on the ruling policy that has made this State a busy time of industry throughout its borders. The greatest Republican gains have been made in the great manufacturing centers like Lincoln, Pawtucket and Woonsocket, which shows conclusively that the laboring man has taken pains to interest himself in the great economic questions of the day. The election shows further that the people are in favor of honest money and that they are not as yet infatuated with the free silver craze that has run away with the Democratic party. On the whole the Republicans have nothing to find fault with in the general result.

Providence Pay is still confined to

his bed, although improving slowly.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY: FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 9, 1892.

## Editorial Notes.

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whom, with the mayor, were candidates

for office, was carefully watched by

a committee of Republicans who noted

what they claim to be the illegal action

on the part of the Board which will

doubtless form the foundation for a

coat of the seats of the men declared

elected by the Board. The Republi-

cans put in a request to the Board that

the ballot be preserved for two months.

This communication, addressed to the

Board, His Honor declined to read.

These are some of the charges made

by the Republicans, which, if substi-

tuted by proper evidence, will doubt-

less have the tendency to make the seats

of those declared elected somewhat in-

secure. On the other hand the Demo-

crats claim to have equally grave

charges to bring against Republican

officials and others but as yet they have

not got where they can name individ-

uals and causes.



Lieutenant-Gov. Melville Bull.

## The Election.

The result of the election in Rhode Island on

Wednesday is in the main satisfactory to the Republicans.

They have carried the state and elected their

Governor and Lieutenant-Governor by a

substantial majority over all other

candidates. They have a safe majority

in both houses of the legislature and a

large majority on joint ballot, thus

making the re-election of Hon. Nelson

W. Aldrich certain. It has also demon-

strated the fact that this state will

safely go Republicans in November, and

that she will in all probability cast her

## WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Free Silver Bill Slipping Slumbering.—A Sleepy Laid Pine.—No Free Coinage in the Nation.—Free Wood to Fuel the House.—A New Alliance.—Foolishness to the G. A. R. Appropriation—Bad Rules—Geometric Forces—Senate Bill, Reaching the White House—Steps of Free Silver Carter Investigation.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1892.

There is no longer room for doubt that at this time the seemingly unexpected termination of the silver battle in the House was but the carrying out of a carefully prearranged plan on the part of certain Democratic leaders who did not wish their party committed on this question at the opening of the Presidential campaign. They wished to leave the way open for the Democratic party to pose as favoring free coinage in States where it will be beneficial to do so, and Free Silver is, in other States, just that. Free Silver has always done in Presidents' elections, on most questions of national importance. The smart fry were lost to the scheme, and Representative Blundell would not have disgraced Speaker Crisp in such a savage way, and then had to eat his words afterwards, when he was told why Speaker Crisp had seemingly betrayed the ultra-free silver men; but they all now know the meaning of the whole business, and about 80 or 80 of them are trying to catch up some scheme of revenge, and if they only had a nervous leader they might accomplish something, as with the present average attendance in the House that many members, if properly handled, could easily tie up the House, and keep it tied up until their purpose was accomplished. As yet they only threaten, and those who threaten seldom fight.

It is not regarded as probable that the silver campaign opened in the Senate by the rebels on Mr. Morgan's resolution will result in any definite action by that body on the actual question of free coinage, although the dodgers like Hill are in a state of trepidation on account of it, and may be forced to decline their position.

The first-free trade measure—the Springer free wool bill—will be put through the House this week, but there is not the remotest probability of its getting through the Senate.

The Alliance men in Congress have adopted a new financial "fat," and to hear them discuss it one would suppose that they actually expected the bill to pass. It is for the Secretary of the Treasury to issue on demand of the several States, legal tender Treasury notes, similar to those now in general circulation, in any amount desired up to \$30 per capita, taking the population as given in the last census. The States are to deposit as security 20 year bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 1 per cent per annum. The bill says nothing of how the States are to redeem these bonds at the expiration of 20 years, although it authorizes the legislatures to distribute the money at their discretion. Like the sub-treasury scheme, it looks well on paper, and would be equally impossible to put into practical operation.

Not a single Democratic member of the Senate committee on the District of Columbia voted for Senator McMillan's bill to appropriate \$15,000 towards entertaining the members of the G. A. R. who will attend the encampment in this city, which that committee, by the vote of republicans, has favorably reported to the Senate. The original bill was for \$100,000, but upon consultation with the local committee it was reduced, and a proviso inserted that \$10,000 should be raised by private contribution and spent before any of the Congressional appropriation can be used. If the democratic Representatives are as hostile as these democratic Senators have shown themselves to be, the bill will never get through the House.

Representative Miller, of Wisconsin, was right when he denounced the present rules of the House, as worse than no rules at all, and said that the time of the House, had been spent in doing nothing or worse than nothing on account of those rules.

The House still keeps up the farce of holding one evening session each week to consider private pension bills, but a quorum is never present and the point of "no quorum" is invariably made by some democrat, so that nothing is ever done at these sessions. At the last one, Representative Hemphill, of South Carolina, unmercifully scorched his party for what he termed its "child's play," in holding these sessions, and pretending to do what it had no idea of doing.

All the good things said about the democratic members of the House committee on elections, because of their votes to put Rockwell out of the seat to which his republican opponent—Col. Noyes—was really elected will have been said in vain, if it shall turn out to be true, as now reported, that Senator Hill has secured pledges from a majority of the democratic members of the House, to vote to retain Rockwell, notwithstanding the report of the committee.

Superintendent Porter of the Census Bureau, says he welcomes the investigation of the bureau ordered by the House, and that the more thorough the investigation is the better he will like it, as no other way can be important and excellent work done by that bureau so effectively brought to the attention of the country. If the democrats get no more out of it than they are getting out of the Post office investigation, the republicans will certainly have no reason to complain.

Alfred M. Lapham, the road agent who held up the ticket agent at the Guilford, Conn., station on the Shore Line railroad in March, pleaded guilty in the superior court at New Haven, Tuesday, and was sentenced to seven years in state prison.

## Nothing On Earth Will

**MAKE HENS LAY.**  
T.R.E.

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

It is absolutely free. Highly concentrated. It cures more than a hundred different diseases. Doctor for the past 15 years. More than 100,000 cases treated. Worth more than Gold and Silver. You can't afford to wait.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Should have it in the house. Dropped on Sores, Children, Coughs, &c.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

It is absolutely free. Highly concentrated. It cures more than a hundred different diseases. Doctor for the past 15 years. More than 100,000 cases treated. Worth more than Gold and Silver. You can't afford to wait.

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## Farm and Family

## The Brother Business.

two or three weeks of age, and there is less mortality and stronger chicks. We believe that improper brooding has killed more chicks than the incubators have failed to hatch.

When the chicks are hatched they are naturally weak and inexperienced. If a nursery is convenient, they will, for the first two weeks, gain strength very rapidly. Begin the heat at eighty degrees and keep it as near that as possible for the next ten days. Then gradually reduce it until (after the chicks are removed to the large brooder) they become accustomed to a temperature of about seventy degrees, which should be when about three weeks of age. What a mistake to begin at one hundred, and thus compel the little ones to endure torture instead of comfort. This high temperature is what makes weak and delicate chicks. In some large brooding houses, where nurseries are not used, boards are stood up around the brooder about a foot away, in this way the chicks are gradually accustomed to their foster mother, and can not wander to the other end of the pen during the night only to become chilled and die. Chicks must be taught. At first it is necessary to place them under the brooder so that they will know what to do to keep warm. As the kindly call of the natural mother is absent in the brooder, the keeper must attend personally to the little ones until they know of the inviting comfort their silent parent has for them. (M. K. Boyer, in Farm-Poultry.)

"Remember, however, that testing two or three times, and the last time on the 13th day, when it is possible to remove every egg that has not a live chick in it ready to come out the next day or two, is no test of the incubator, but merely tests the tester, and the skill of the operator; and if we let the eggs alone, then we only know who had the best eggs. To really test an incubator, then, we must know that the eggs were exactly alike in both machines. Is this possible?"

"As that practically answers the correspondent, we need say nothing further upon the subject."

Leaving the subject of incubators to rest for the present, we must turn our attention to brooders and brooding systems. It is much easier to hatch out the chicks than it is to raise them. Especially is this so in midwinter or early spring.

It is, if anything, more important to have a good, reliable brooder than it is a hatchery, and in the selection of a particular kind, good judgment should be used. The best brooder is the one that is fashioned the nearest after the hen. Here in Hammonton there has been a variety of experience in this line. Both top and bottom heat are used, with the preference for the former. At first, single brooders were used—heated by a lamp. As this necessitated considerable labor, especially where a dozen or more brooders were in use, the Packard system began to be adopted. This system gives bottom heat, the brooders being heated by hot water pipes running under them. Finally the Smyrna system (top heat) was introduced, which is gradually being adopted by the brooder men here.

If we must pattern after the hen in order to have success in artificial methods, is it not reasonable to suppose that top heat is the proper system to employ? Does not the natural mother give warmth to her young from her body while sitting over them? Yet the advocates of bottom heat have a strong plea; they say, "When you wish to warm yourself, which do you do—put your head or your feet to the fire?" Then comes the top heat man with the warning that bottom heat produces leg weakness; and the bottom heat advocate assures us that top heat causes head troubles. Thus the doctors disagree. But, summing it all up, the top heat men are in the majority, and it will not be long before it will be universally employed.

Nearly all the incubator manufacturers have nurseries for sale. They are invaluable to put chicks in until two weeks of age, by which time they are strong and better able to take care of themselves. Then they are removed to the regular brooding houses. Those nurseries which have neither top nor bottom heat, but a free circulation of hot air throughout the entire chamber, are the safest to use, as much as the chicks have a more uniform heat. All the nurseries should have a shallow pan of water kept constantly in the chamber. Too dry an air is apt to cause trouble.

In the construction of brooding houses there is considerable room left for improvement. In the first place, the manner in which they are now made gives entirely too much glass to them. What will let in the warmth during the day while the sun is shining, will also admit the cold at night. This trouble can be somewhat regulated by having regular window shades, which can be pulled down under the glass at night. Mr. Presey uses oilled muslin instead of glass, and says he likes it much better, as it more readily keeps out the cold than glass does.

The subject of ventilation in the brooding houses is one that has been discussed almost to death. In the debate some good things have been said, and likewise some very foolish ones. Theorized on both sides of the question have been used. There must, undoubtedly, be ventilation; but care must be taken that whatever process is used will not allow draughts. Ventilators on top of the roofs are risky. Holes made on the sides of the houses up near the peak, is a good method.

In our brooding houses we let the air in principally through the exit doors leading to the outside runs. In most houses these doors are not more than a foot square, and when opened in the morning there is a big rush and squeeze to get out. We have doors a foot high and the width of the brooders. They are made by 2x4 inch frame, covered with half-inch mesh, and over this wire we tack white muslin. This plan, aided by the aforesaid holes on the sides of the brooder up near the roof, gives us all the ventilation we need, and there is never that sickening air in the building so common to houses where the life-giving fresh air is kept out.

The wide doors we refer to, leading to the runs, serve another good purpose. When we open them in the morning, we give ample room for every chick to at once run out. There is not the least bit of danger of accident which often occurs when small doors are used. Besides, with a door the width of the brooder thrown open, the entire interior is at once aired and cleared of whatever gases may have arisen.

Accustom chicks to fresh air after

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Cut up a white cabbage, but not too fine; scald it and partly cook it in salted water. When done drain very thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan with a cupful of cream, whipped; add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of flour and a cupful of fresh milk; put in the cabbage, let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour and serve.

CREAMED ONIONS.—Take small, good shaped onions, boil them till tender in water and salt and pepper; when done strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfast-cupful of fresh milk with a tablespoonful of butter; when this boils add the carrots, and let them simmer for fifteen minutes.

TURNIP BAILS.—Cut out little balls from the turnips with a small-sized vegetable scoop, and scald them in boiling water. Make a sauce with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of flour and a cupful of good gravy. When it is smooth add the balls and let them simmer till done. Just before serving stir in a little piece of butter.

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CREAMED ONIONS.—Take small, good shaped onions, boil them till tender in water and salt and pepper; when done strain them and plunge them into boiling water. Prepare some white beans as above; chop up a large onion as required, and fry it in a good lard or dripping till it is quite brown; to this add chopped parsley. Put in the beans with salt and pepper, sauté them till done, and just before serving stir in a tablespoonful of vinegar.

CHILLED BEANS.—All dried beans, peas, etc., should be cooked in a first water until they shrivel a little; at that moment strain them and plunge them into boiling water. Prepare some white beans as above; chop up a large onion as required, and fry it in a good lard or dripping till it is quite brown; to this add chopped parsley. Put in the beans with salt and pepper, sauté them till done, and just before serving stir in a

## Household Fancy Work.

## CROCHETED HANDBAG.

For materials use 4 balls of crochet lard, shade desired, 1 large bunch of cut beads, and a No. 2 star crochet hook.

String the beads on the silk before

commencing to crochet, and always push the bead on the silk before taking the stitch.

Chain 150 stitches and join.

1st. and 2d rows—1 plain crochet.

3d and 4th rows—1 plain crochet rows of beads. Now commence the squares in crochet; (4) 5 double crochet of silk, 6 of beads, continue this for 5 rows; when you will have a complete row of squares, start the next row with 5 beads, 6 plain, alternately, continue till beads are finished.

This brings a plain square over a beaded one. Repeat from \* until you have 18 rows of squares, which you may finish with 2 plain rows of beads. End the bag with 20 rows of plain silk crochet. The beads will be on the wrong side of the work, and the article being made must be turned when done. A bead fringe is an effective addition to the bottom of the bag.

The top of the bag is finished by a strip of silk 7 inches deep, turned down 2 inches at the top to make a fell and casing. Run in ribbon for drawing strings. —[Meg Merrill.]

## Johnny's Composition.

## THE CAT.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.—Remove the skin of half a dozen sardines, split and take out the bones. Spread stale slices of bread very thinly with butter, place on each two halves of the fish, squeeze a little lemon juice over them, add a crisp leaf of lettuce to each, and put a crisp leaf of buttered bread on top.

POTATOES IN BALLS.—Boil and dry the potatoes in the usual way, and mash them quite fine, adding a little cream, pepper and salt and a small piece of butter; roll them in balls with a little flour, and brown them with a little butter, or fry them.

PARK HOUSE GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Four eggs, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard, one-third teaspoonful of yeast, a pinch of salt, two quarts of Graham flour, milk enough to make a stiff batter. Mix, and let it rise over night. In the morning, fill the muffin tins half full, and bake in a quick oven.

GOAT CAKE.—Rub a generous half-cup of butter to a cream, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, and half a cup of milk of the order given. Sift together a pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and stir it into the mixture. Beat until perfectly smooth, add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and bake in a shallow tin, lined with buttered paper, for 20 minutes to half an hour, in a steady oven, being careful not to touch the oven-door suddenly upon it. Powdered sugar sifted, thickly over the top, just before baking, improves its appearance, or you can cover it with icing. Cut it into square blocks.

ROLLS.—Into a pint of milk put two tablespoonfuls of butter. Let it come to a boiling point. Dissolve a cake of compressed yeast in a coffee-cup half full of cold water. Sift two quarts of flour into a wooden bowl. Add one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Pour in milk and yeast, and mix together, but do not add any more flour. Do this over night. Roll out and cut and put into baking-pans, and allow it to rise until ready to cook it. Never lift the cover to look at it, because it will chill the dough.

VANILLA KISSES.—Half a pound of pulverized white sugar, the whites of six eggs, one vanilla bean. Pound the bean in a mortar until it is completely pulverized. Whisk the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar very gradually, then stir in the vanilla. Drop the mixture on white paper so as not to touch each other. You may make them any size you choose. About a dessert-spoonful make a pretty sized cake. Take care to have them sufficiently far apart. Place them on this with several thicknesses of stout paper under them, set in a hot oven, and as soon as they have a glaze of brown, take them out, with a broad-bladed knife, slip them off the paper, and place the under sides of two together.

FANCY APPLE PIE.—Stew, strain and sweeten apples to taste. When cold add three eggs to a pint of apples, a teaspoonful of cream, whipped. Beat all together and bake in one crust.

FRUIT CUSTARD.—Trim and thoroughly clean the celery, cut it into pieces about three inches long, dip these in batter and fry them in butter to a golden brown. Serve them very hot.

CARROTS—A la crème.—Scrape, wash and cut carrots into slices; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when tender strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfast-cupful of fresh milk with a tablespoonful of butter; when this boils add the carrots, and let them simmer for fifteen minutes.

TURNIP BAILS.—Cut out little balls from the turnips with a small-sized vegetable scoop, and scald them in boiling water. Make a sauce with a

tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan with a cupful of cream, whipped; add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of flour and a cupful of fresh milk; put in the cabbage, let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour and serve.

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dripping till it is quite brown; to this add chopped parsley. Put in the beans with salt and pepper, sauté them till done, and just before serving stir in a

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## Furniture.

**EASELS!**  
BASEL AND PICTURE FOR \$3.  
166 Thames Street.

## STAFFORD BRYER.

## A NEW LINE OF CARPETS

## M. Cottrell's.

## NEW STYLES IN

## Chamber Furniture.

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## Furniture of all Descriptions,

Carpets, Oil Cloths and

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## M. COTTRELL,

## COTTRELL BLOCK,

11-16 Next to the Post Office.

## New Carpets

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## Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets and wall papers and are prepared to show a fine line of

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Prices as low as Anywhere.

## W. C. Cozzers &amp; Co.,

138 Thames St.

## FOR SALE

## OR EXCHANGE.

One-Horse Lumber Wagon,  
LOW GEAR for one or two  
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OR ORDER WAGON,  
PONY PHANTOM.

All of which are second-hand articles taken in trade, but are in excellent order. \$125

## H. A. Thorndike,

65 &amp; 67 Bridge Street

## NOTICE.

If you are at parity and richness of flavor, you should try the celebrated

## OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR



For Consumption, Indigestion and all ailments requiring stimulants, the "Kentucky Taylor" is not superior, as thousands of physicians and men have testified.

Price \$1.25 per bottle—Full quart.

For sale by

## SAYER BROS.,

SOLE AGENTS.

## Clothing.

WM. H. ASHLEY & CO.,  
The popular and reliable Clothiers, again present for inspection a stock of  
MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOY'S,  
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,  
—IN THE—  
LATEST STYLES  
—AND AT—  
LOWEST PRICES.

20 South Main St., Borden's Block

Fall River, Mass.

JOHN ALDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Franklin Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET.

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats a specialty.

Ladies' of every description made to order.

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

## SPECIAL NOTICE

## TO LADIES.

## Already Received

## A FULL LINE

## LADIES'

## MISSES'

## —AND—

## CHILDREN'S

## OUTSIDE

## GARMENTS

## J. E. Seabury,

218 &amp; 220 Thames St.

March 30, 1892.

Just received.

A large assortment of

SPRING

## CLOTHING

FOR

Men, Youth and Boys.

AGENT

—FOR—

Rogers, Peet &amp; Co. Clothing.

## JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET.

## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in the best and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

MCLENNAN BROTHERS,

184 Thames Street,

MERCURY BUILDING.

## NEW

## Spring Woolens.

In the Country.

HENRY D. SPOONER,

200 THAMES STREET.

John B. DeBlois &amp; Son.

## Rheumatism.

**Symptoms.**—High fever, bounding pulse, swelling of the joints, with great tenderness and severe pain, especially if the patient attempts to move; and on moving after resting in one position, lameness, stiffness, and severe pain.

Rheumatism is a blood disease, and must be so treated. There is only one preparation of which it can be said that no instance of a failure to cure Rheumatism or any blood disorder has ever been recorded; and that preparation is furnished, not by science, but by Nature—a harmless vegetable compound of herbs, roots, and barks, called

on we go, straight as an arrow through the middle of the Red sea, making 200 miles in 24 hours, and coming abreast of the Arabian hills among which are the holy cities of the Mohammedans.

As we stand on, here, as almost everywhere we have been since leaving California, we see no signs of the stars and stripes, but often the flags of France on the flag of Germany, and daily the broad emblem of Great Britain.

What a wonderful nation England has become. Occupying a home territory small in area, she has nevertheless made herself felt throughout the earth perhaps more than any other country, and that by sheer force of intellect in her public men. Mistakes she has made, no doubt, and has done many things which do not at all redound to her credit; but through all she has grown to wealth, in power, and in influence for a century, without making any "splurges" whatever. Never before have I comprehended her power as in sailing from Hong Kong through the seas and straits of southern Asia. What most impresses her statesmen is the gathering such firm footholds among all these nations! Look at her immense navy, her army, and her native garrisons in her colonies! What fleets of merchantmen she is sending abroad on all seas! Well might Macaulay call the "River of Ten Thousand Miles." What has America done, and what is she doing but to sit still and let other nations drive our commerce from the ocean? In common with all American travelers, we look over the ships in these foreign waters, but our flag does not wave there. Where are the East Indians that New York, Boston, Providence, and even Newport used to send out for the silks, spices, tea and other products of far Cathay? Where are the men who were known the world over as the seamen manning the fastest merchant vessels afloat, the most dashing and successful flagships that ever discharged a broadside? What has become of the Yankee enterprise that anticipated those men? What triumphs in trade or in war? All we have to do in reply is to mention the English steamers and sailing vessels one sees in Hong Kong, Canton, Colombo, Calcutta, Bombay, etc., and the story is told.

What a hullabaloo was made in Congress when Gen. Grant sent his special message recommending the annexation of St. Domingo, with a view largely to its use as a coaling station! How Mr. Sumner fought the measure, as chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations! What an opposition there was to the annexation of Texas and of California and what a scolding was given Mr. Seward for purchasing Alaska for a mere pittance compared with its value! What other policy have we now when we wish more territory, but to push the poor Indian from the place where we ourselves have located him, and allow white settlers to occupy the soil? No doubt, even now, if the people of the Sandwich Islands should wish us to assume the protectorate of their country, there would be short-sighted Congressmen who would reject any proposition of that kind.

We can not easily ignore this question much longer. Nature intended for us to engage in the commercial activities of the world; and in so doing we would both receive and confer benefits. We need the stern discipline resulting from the perils of the deep; for, even as astronomy fosters the religious element in our composition, a common danger tends to develop our humanism. By commerce, too, honestly conducted, we may greatly subserve the welfare of other nations morally as well as physically, for I believe that, next to religion, "the greatest ameliorator of the world is selfish, backsliding trade." I sincerely hope that our new doctrine of reciprocity aid in restoring our foreign commerce, among its many varied benefits.

The Red Sea is 1200 by 221 miles in greatest length and width, although but 15 miles wide at the southern straits, the average depth of east and west sections varying from 4 to 600 fathoms, with 1000 fathoms of water at the deepest places. Most of the coasting vessels we see are Arabian Dhows, large and lofty at the stern, like the Half Moon of Hendrick Hudson. There are a few Sampans, medium in size, with short cutwaters. The port of Torr furnishes the only good anchorage on the Arabian side; on the opposite coast the best harbor we saw was that of Aneles Bay, from which started the Abyssinian expedition against King Theodore in 1867-88.

At 10:30 A. M., Jan. 31, all our officers and crew, except just enough to work the ship, were piped on deck for inspection. Nearly 200 men appeared, mostly natives of India, Laccars being most numerous. All were dressed in white pants, with white overshoes or jumpers coming to their knees, and caps or turbans of different colors and patterns according to their different tribes. I think their black toes were brought into line by the deck planks, and the captain, first mate, and doctor walked fore and aft in front and rear of the line, the captain's hand constantly at his cap, and the men saluting as he passed.

Inspection over, Rev. Mr. Wood, an English Episcopal clergyman, preached from 1 Cor. 10:13, the audience being large. Next morning at 10 o'clock the ship's bell gave forth an unusual sound, and although no one cried "fire," yet by the way the men from all departments ran in dead earnest, as it seemed to us, for boats and hose, many of the passengers thought it was a general alarm. The boats were made ready at once and lowered several feet, 30 or 40 men on either side with buckets received water from a hose, passed the buckets from one to the other until the last emptied them overboard. Waiters appeared with boxes of eatables, kegs of water, and crackers and Bologna sausages in long air-tight tin cases, canned meats, etc., which were dumped on deck near the boats, when they would run with all their might for more until the boat's whale's whistle closed the drill. The scene was that many passengers wore grave faces, not feeling sure that a fire had not indeed started below.

On the evening of Feb. 1 we entered the Straits of Jubal, about 8 o'clock, close to Shadwan Island, on which was wrecked the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Carnatic in 1869, with a loss of 200 passengers, mails, species, and cargo. During the night we passed Mount Sinai, but it is too distant and the darkness too great for us to see it, much as we would have liked to do so. About 10 o'clock next morning the captain asked, "Do you see that clump of trees near the foot of yonder mountain, several miles from the shore on the Arabian side of the Gulf?" We readily saw the trees. "That," said he, "is Jabel's well."

At 1:45 P. M. we anchored near the mouth of the canal, and the quarantine officer came alongside, bringing half a dozen officers who examined our doctor's certificate and the official log of the steamer, looking over each day's work minutely before pronouncing the ship safe. The thermometer was 84 degrees in the shade at noon, and our fires drawing poorly from lack of circulation of air, while the sun's rays were reflected back from the smooth water, decided increasing the thermometer record to bear. But

Port Ibrahim,

a large basin very much like ours at Block Island, but 100 or possibly 200 times as large, with a massive jetty extending from the shore two-thirds of the way to the entrance, dividing the shelter into two parts, one for merchantmen the other for ships of war. Suez, which was an insignificant village of 1000 people of all nationalities and mostly poor, before the canal was opened, now boasts of 16,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-half are Europeans, and all prosperous. There are neither trees, shrubs, nor even grass in the waste of yellow sand which stretches inland far as the eye can reach. It has good railway connections with Cairo and Alexandria. The houses are built of brick, dried in the sun, and the streets are not paved. Moses' well is in the desert close by, but on the opposite side of the canal.

The Suez Canal,

begun in 1859 and

completed in 1869 at a cost of about

\$90,000,000, is nearly 100 miles long, the canal itself being 75 miles in length with 25 miles through Lake Timsah and the Great and Small Bitter Lakes. The width is 325 feet at the surface and 72 at the bottom, except that in about 18 miles of steep and difficult cutting the surface width was reduced to 100 feet. The depth is 20 feet. About 33 miles is embanked. There is little difference in the level of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and so but little current, but the influence of the tides is felt for several miles, especially at the south end. The excess of lime in the water here encrusts the banks, preventing washing by the waves of vessels, although to make sure on this point a speed of only six miles is allowed. The saving in distance over the route by the Cape of Good Hope is over 4000 miles for European vessels trading with India and China. The traffic has increased from 1,477 vessels aggregating 3,230,000 tons in 1870 to about 4,000 vessels and 9,000,000 tons in 1891. England leads the world in the number of vessels and total tonnage she sends by this route, other European nations following until the smaller maritime countries are followed by Japan and after her, by the United States. Why is our commercial enterprise at so low an ebb? It seems strange almost beyond belief to one who was once proud of being a sailor for years in the finest merchant marine afloat, that of our own country.

We pass some huge dredging

machines of immense power, which work

by means of iron buckets on an endless

chain, and discharge into sluices lead-

ing to boats alongside to be towed out

and emptied into Bitter Lake or the

Gulf of Suez; or, sometimes, upon the

banks of the canal, which are thus raised in places to a height of 20 feet or more. Most of the distance we have traveled, the banks are faced with walls of stone, like those of the Rhine or the Danube, but probably the foundation here is less stable as a rule. The canal is lighted by gas which burns in the beacons and buoys day and night, coming from large iron storage tanks on the banks. The first lighting was done by lanterns placed a little less than 2000 feet apart, for which were placed iron tripods no longer in use. About 8:00 P. M. we grounded on a shoal, but a strong current was carried ahead to a large post, one of many deeply set for just such uses, and were soon warped off by our own steam power. An electric light was placed low down over our bow, so we could see our way as well as by day, and in the strong light the banks looked for all the world like snow. Half an hour later we are in Ismailia, the captain wished us all "bon voyage," and soon we are asleep in the Victoria Hotel. Next morning we are notified to appear at the custom house at 9:30, to have our trunks examined. We attend, as a matter of course, and are all swindled more or less, as it seems to us, myself being victimized to the tune of one shilling sirup for a few trinkets bought in Japan at a cost of about two dollars.

Ismailia is the central depot of the can-

al company, and looks like an old

French town with wide streets and spacious squares. A settlement of Arabs lies adjacent. The overflow of a fresh water canal connecting Cairo and Suez here empties into the maritime canal. The Khedive has a mansion or palace in this place, and the waterworks are an attraction amidst the flower bordered walks and sparkling cascades of the fine garden in which they stand. We take an hour's ride on donkeys, my guide following and keeping fast hold of the donkey's tail, by means of which he could get a walk, a canter, a trot, or a gallop, according to what variety of twist he gave to the caudal appendage. Imagine my voyage through this ancient place, the tiller, ropes or rams in my hands, and my guide holding the throttle valve in the engine room behind! Think no more of John Gilpin of "ancient London Town!" When we were ready to return from the garden, an official disputed our passage through the gate unless we honored his cry "O Christian, backshash!" In a school we saw 40 Egyptian boys and girls all sitting on the floor and singing away for dear life. On my return I handed my shilling agreed upon, when he asked for 50 per cent. extra because he had picked and handed me a flower to smell of. The sublimity of his cheek overcame me, and I handed him the extra shilling as a reward of merit, although I wrote a letter by the light of two poor candles recently rather than submit to the extortion of 25 cents for the use of a kerogen lamp.

At 12:40 P. M. we take train for Cairo

running for 40 miles through

"A region of drought, where no river gildes, nor rippling brook with watered fountains; where no pool, nor living fountain, nor spring refreshes the aching eye. But the barren earth and the burning sky, and the black horizon round and round, spread, void of living sign and sound."

From this dreary waste and desola-

tion we emerge into fertile fields of

grass, grain and vegetables, the rich

brown soil being made productive by a

fine system of irrigation. We see many

camels, some at work, and often a cam-

el and

